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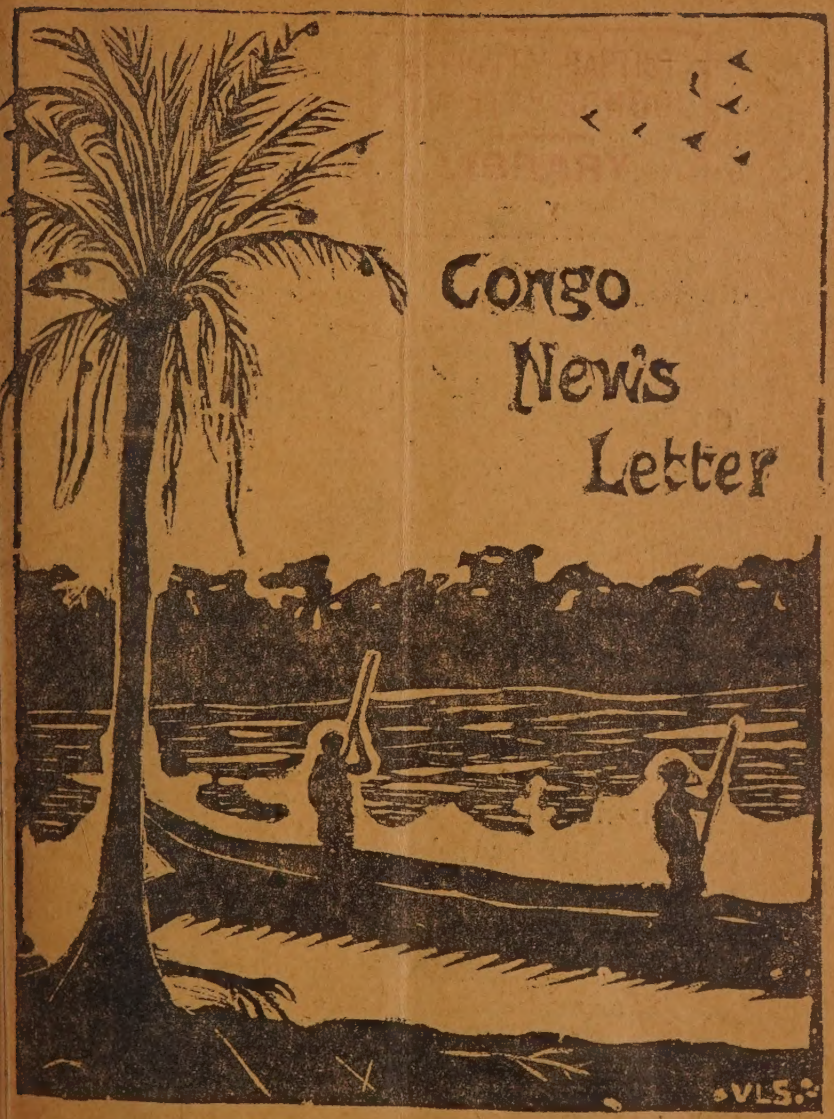

JULY 1939

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"I AM ONLY A WOMAN"

The Congo woman is constantly reminded of what this phrase implies. She repeats it herself all too often for the good of her own soul. Hardly a day passes that she is not reminded that she is only a woman.

At the beginning of the day the husband enumerates all the jobs he expects his wife to do for him that day. One wife told me, "If I haven't been able to do all my husband asked me to do, he beats me. It is no use trying to excuse myself. He will not listen to any of my reasons."

One day while gardening with the women, I happened to hear a wife say that she had to carry home water each day for her husband's bath. The stream is not far away, but she excused her husband saying, "He has so much studying to do for his classes".

In one of the Bible classes, while discussing prayer, a teacher claimed prayer was not very helpful in settling his home difficulties. He said, "Once, I prayed for help to settle our home disagreement. When I was through praying the wife showed even less inclination to give in." Of course he was told that this was not truly praying. He had tried to use prayer as a weapon

to enforce his own demands.

The husband's needs get first consideration. Her needs are secondary. The best food that she cooks is for her husband. The best bed belongs to the man. If the man owns only one mosquito net, he uses it himself and lets his wife and baby and smaller children sleep without. If the hut owns a table and chair, it serves primarily the man's needs.

The husband gets by far the greater share of respect and honor in the home. I have heard of a great number of customs that must be observed in the home to honor the man but I have yet to hear about any necessary custom a man must observe to honor a Congo woman.

The women of one tribe must kneel on the ground and sit on their legs while grinding peanuts on a stone for their husband's food. "Why?" I asked. "It is to honor our husbands", was the reply. Another custom which is more general is that when a woman passes by a man, she must hold in her skirts. Although she passes him at a perfectly safe distance, she must show respect to the man by holding back her cloth.

If she happens to sit on the ground near her hut and a man passes at some distance, she must draw back her feet under her. Her feet must not point toward a man. That would be very disrespectful to a "mwan'a yakala" (man child).

A well mannered Congo woman kneels before giving a greeting to a man, but a man never kneels except to a very high chief or to an old honored person in his tribe.

I have often asked myself why some of the Congo women are so apathetic, stubborn and disobedient. I be-

lieve it can all be traced back to their upbringing. They are coaxed, scolded and forced to work. As a girl she works for her tribe, when she is married she works for her husband, but the men of her own tribe also continue to expect any earnings she can produce on the side. All the while they work there is no let up in teaching the women to honor and respect those for whom they work. Women are kept in their place.

Their stubborness is a sort of protective covering. A woman is not allowed to hit back if her husband beats her. She is not allowed to curse her husband, then she would be divorced. So she becomes stubborn to the nth degree. It is her protective shell.

The Congo men often complain to the missionary saying, "Our women are so stubborn. They are not like the white women." It is a pity the Congo men do not know their women are what they have made them. But, probably it would be a greater pity to tell them for they are almost powerless against age old customs. When anyone says, "It is our custom", then we know they are up against it. They mean to convey the idea that nothing can be done.

A few of the most intelligent Christian Congo men claim there are no happy Congo homes. Is not that because they demand happy home conditions rather than expect to share the responsibilities of making a happy home? Also, the marriage is arranged by the uncles of the two concerned and therefore is not based on love. The couple are strangers to one another until their marriage day. Only a very few marry for love.

As missionaries we want to held build Happy Christian Homes. We cannot enter the field of match-making. It has been tried but it does not work. We would like

to see the women raised to a happy respected position in the home, but we cannot enter their private life.

In the school we can hold before our pupils the ideal of a Home, and the fact that such a home cannot be created by the woman alone. It can only be established where responsibilities are shared, work is shared and where RESPECT is shared as well. Profits too, should be shared, for the wife or the husband in sending their earnings to their respective tribes place the tribe first and the home becomes of secondary importance. It takes two to make a home and their relation cannot be that of master and slave, for then the wife will be discontent and will not be able to do her best in making a good home.

Repressions are harmful. Women who have been kept down go the limit when given their liberty. They throw away all restraint so assential to home life. They destroy the home and live promiscously. The pendulum swings back too far. But that is what we must expect for the lid of repression has been held on too long.

We must look to the church to elevate the home. It can give women a place in its work and in its services. That will gradually raise their status. At Banza Manteke we used women deaconesses to serve communion to women and also as ushers. Dr. Cross who came to us from China and India across Africa on a mission tour said it was the most beautiful communion service he had seen. Women were sent out on tours through the villages to meet with the women and girls, teaching them hygiene and child care as well as holding evangeliistic meetings. These women came back enthused and happy. They told us some

villages had begged them to stay longer. One of them said, "I love to work for God".

That was only a small beginning and yet it accomplished a great deal in increasing the respect for the women who took part.

Ruth Engwall

REFLECTIONS ON THE RIVER

The steamer Sankuru is chugging down the Congo River tonight taking four tired missionaries on the first lap of their long journey to the homeland.

This evening as we sailed into the the sunset, one of the most beautiful I have seen, the crimson clouds were reflected on the water in the shape of a cross. I was reminded of the words in Mark 10:21: "Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, one thing thou lackest: go — sell — give — and come, take up the CROSS and follow me". It was an African Christian, Simon, a Cyrenian, who first carried the cross of our Lord, "and on him they laid the CROSS that he might bear it after Jesus". Throughout Africa today there are white men and black men carrying heavy crosses for Christ and His kingdom; crosses that mean sacrifice, crosses that cost dearly.

I picked up "Missions" and read of retrenchment and cuts in appropriations. I think of the under-staffed stations, every missionary carrying too heavy a burden; under-paid native pastors and teachers leaving their families to travel to the ends of Congo with the gospel of Christ, coming back with sore feet but happy hearts. I think of the young men and women who have been trained in our station schools standing out

against the heathenism of the elders, bearing persecution rather than deny their Lord. No cheap crosses for them, you will find them in many a lonely heathen village throughout Congo.

God deliver us from cheap crosses that do not mean sacrifice. Calvary cost God His Son and if we call ourselves Christian we must bear the cross of Christ, sharing with those of other lands the glorious gospel of Christ. "Take up the Cross and follow Me." God's plan is advancement, we must go forward. And in order to go forward we must take up the cross of sacrifice.

Ruth Dickey

TEN YEARS OLD

This year Kikongo station is celebrating the tenth anniversary of its birth. As a consequence, our Easter pageant was an historical one. It pays at times to look back at what has gone before and we felt that this was the time to do so.

Although Kikongo station is only ten years old, the work of the field is much older. The pageant portrayed our history from the beginning of the work started among the Bayaka by the Sona Bata missionaries to the present day. We were fortunate to have with us the principal native characters connected with the benginnings of the Bayaka and the Bambala work.

Ronda was glad to portray his own role in the scene which showed his arrival at Chief Makengo's village with Mr. MacDiarmid, and the hostile reception that was accorded them. Not only did Chief Makengo

refuse to have anything to do with the white man or his God, he would have nothing to do with the white man's porters or native evangelist, refusing even to sell them food. So it looked pretty much as though they would have to go hungry in this strange land so far from their own tribe. Seeing their plight, "Tata Mickey" (MacDiarmid) took out his own lunch and shared it with Ronda. Chief Makengo's eyes fairly bulged with surprise and incredulity....could it be possible that a WHITE man was actually sharing his food with a BLACK man! This was indeed something new to his experience and worth looking into. After the little meal was over, Chief Makengo approached with an invitation to Ronda to stay and teach them the "words of God" that this white man had been telling them about. And so was sown the first seed from which our huge work has grown.

With great gusto one of our Bayaka' students. himself a resident of the village of Zikomba, entered into the impersonation of Antoine Makengo who was the second great pionneer among the Bayaka. Makengo and his wife had arrived at the village of Zikomba where their reception was anything but friendly. The village people even refused to let them build within the village limits and they were forced to put up a rude grass shelter at the edge of the forest. Repeatedly they tried to speak to the people about a loving Saviour, but each attempt was met with scorn and rebuff. Secretly, however, the elders of the village were spying upon Makengo and his wife as they offered their simple prayers of worship and read from the Bible. What craning of necks and straining of ears as the two lone worshippers sat

at their doorstep and sang Christian hymns! As was the case with Ronda, the people refused to sell them food and they were forced to live on whatever wild roots or fruits they could find in the forest.

At last an opportunity came. Makengo was in the forest cutting trees for the building of a permanent house when a woman of the village passed by, returning from her garden. On her back was a huge basket of manioc roots and on her hip a baby. When she came to the stream she found that she must put down one or the other of her two burdens before she crossed. Makengo saw her predicament and immediately carried the baby across the stream. No word passed between the man and the woman but astonishment was great in the village when the woman told of this act of kindness. Could it be possible that the religion which this man, had been talking about actually taught that men should help women carry their burdens! The following morning when Makengo and his wife came out of their little hut they found an offering of food lying at their doorstep. Another seed was bearing fuit.

The beginning of the work among the Bambala was no less dramatic. for this scene also we had one of the principal characters to portray his own part, Samuel Nkuti.

From time to time, native traders had dared to come out into this wild and strange country from the Lower Congo. Among them were two Sona Bata Christians who arrived at Nkuti's village and asked to be able to install themselves as buyers of ivory and sellers of the white man's trinkets. The Bambala were less inclined to be hostile than the Bayaka, possibly because they were a slave tribe and accustomed to accepting what

fate had to offer in the way of changes. Whatever the cause, they accepted the strangers into their midst and offered them food. Ntunkadi and Ngonda accepted the food, but before partaking of it they bowed their heads in thanksgiving to God. What kind of business is this, thought Kitunu (Nkuti's elder brother)! He rushed up and asked them what they were doing. Didn't they like his food? Did they think it was poisoned? Why were they acting so strangely? Then Ntunkadi explained to them about the "Words of God" and brought forth his Bible. Their curiosity knew no bounds. "Do you mean that all those funny little marks actually mean something? Can you read them? Could we learn them? Isn't it the white man's magic?" And to all of their questions Ntunkadi gave answer. He also explained to them about the school, the hospital, and the church at Sona Bata. Nkuti and Kitunu decided that they must know more about this strange place and new teaching. Each evening they sat at Ntunkadi's feet and learned the rudiments of reading and writing. The sand at their feet and their own fingers served as paper and pencil. Finally the day came when Ntunkadi was to go back to his own country with the fruit of his trading. It was then that Kitunu asked if Nkuti might accompany him and live in his country until he had learned more about this new religion. Ntunkadi consented, but the heart of little Nkuti was sorely troubled. Hadn't Ntunkadi been telling them about the "mindele mia misioni" (the white people of the Mission)? In his language "misioni" were people who had no flesh, but were only bones. Timidly he approached his elder brother "but if I go to the strange country

of the people without flesh, won't they take my flesh too, and leave only the bones?" Kitunu hadn't thought of that so he immediately rushed over and asked Ntunkadi. He was greatly relieved to learn that "misioni" were not skeletons, but real people with flesh on their bones.

From the tiny seed sown by these traders, the work began to grow. Kitunu shared his new-found knowledge with others until in several villages there were one or two who were able to read syllables and make the magic marks with their fingers in the sand. The people soon became impatient for more learning and at last Chief Mudikisi, the greatest of the Bambala chiefs of the region, sent messengers the long journey of eight days to Sona Bata. The pageant did not need to include this scene as it was not at all hard for the audience to imagine the tremblings and misgivings in the hearts of those messengers....it happened such a little while ago and even yet in this region there are those who behold the white man with fear and trembling. It took real courage for the little group of three to make the long journey into strange country.

Neither was it difficult to recall the keen disappointment that beset them at Sona Bata when the missionary was forced to refuse their request as there were no teachers available for the vast country beyond the Kwango river. The men took the long journey homeward with sorrowful hearts. But they were serfs; they had endured disappointments before, and had risen above them. The following year they again took the long journey and again they were refused. But this time they dared not return home. Chief Mudikisi had forbidden his own son to return

until he brought a Christian teacher with him. They were forced to wait in a little village near Sona Bata, and after a few weeks they renewed their courage and again approached the missionary. Can anyone who knows Thomas Moody, with his great passion for the "regions beyond" think it possible that he could continue to turn a deaf ear to such persistence! They got their teacher, and David Nzonzi was the first to go out as a teacher to the Bambala people.

In just three years the work had grown to such proportions that the 1928 "Jubilee" Conference decided that it was essential to build a mission station in their midst. To that end the Smiths were selected to find a site and start building a station. Kikongo was born on June 5, 1929.

Our pageant did not concern itself only with the joys and triumphs of the past ten years. We faced as well the disappointments and the years of backsliding and return to fetishism. We did not turn our eyes from the fact that the material-mindedness of the new-born church and the self-interest of many of its Christians had kept it from giving a true witness and had stood in the way of spiritual growth. Too many had felt that the need for self-sacrifice had gone with the arrival of the missionaries. The reality of hard work did not measure up to the utopia which they had expected the missionary to bring with him. Like all tales of growth, ours had to deal with triumphs and set-backs, but as the tale unfolded we could see that the child had indeed grown.

Undoubtedly the high moment of the past ten years was the moment when Samuel Nkuti and his wife Marie Maleluka consecrated themselves wholly

to the work of God and offered themselves "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God". It was the shortest and simplest of all the scenes of the pageant, and also the one which most stirred our hearts.

The pageant closed with a tableau in which wee little Finduelo represented the infant Kikongo and a ten-year-old school boy represented the Kikongo of today, after a growth of ten years that had brought us a church of 2867 baptized Christians and 3830 confessed Christians under instruction; a school, not only for the Bayaka and Bambala, but for the Bayanzi, Bafunuka, Bahumbu, Bahungana, Bangongo, Bapelende and Bakongo as well, in which 270 women and girls and 480 men and boys had received instruction; a village school work with a present enrollment of 4925 in 184 village schools; and a medical work that had grown from the first few patients that were nursed thru pneumonia as they lay under the stars on the edge of the forest as the first ground was cleared for the station, to a hospital where 4110 patients received treatment last year.

The final tableau was not complete with the picture of ten-year-old Kikongo before us. What growth will Kikongo have made by 1949? At the edge of the platform sat a group of this year's students discussing the future and at last realizing that the answer to the question lay with them. Only as they were ready to hear the call and give themselves to the task could the young child grow into a man.

Yes, it is good to look back once in a while.... and to look forward as well. At the close of the Easter meetings the first "Preaching Mission" in Kikongo' s history, composed of this year's students, set out

to spend the vacation period telling the "good news" to them that sit in darkness and have not seen the light ....and oh, there are so many of them.

V.L.Smith

ITINERATING

In January I was off on a two months' trip to the most distant section of our field, beginning with Botwali to the southwest of the station, then circling all Bolia between Lake Tumba and Leopold II, and southwest to Mehongo.

I was happy to spend one Sunday at Loombe on Lake Leopold II, a town which I first visited by the Henry Reed in April 1910, shortly after the work had been started in the Bolia. We had such a happy time then, the work had a joyous beginning; but now drink, heathenism, and strong catholic opposition have made progress slow. We were happy to have baptism in the lake, service and school were well attended. The medal chief in his royal robes and high hat made all meetings picturesque. He was exceedingly friendly, inviting us to re-open the work at his village across the bay, and arranging for aid in building a new school and chapel.

Everywhere the catholic opposition is strong. Considering their numbers and their assistance by the State it is a wonder we have any work at all; but in many sections they undo their work with their extreme pressure. Not alone in these distant parts are they active. While many days' journey from the station word came from Mpaa, an hour from Tondo, stating that they were forcing the children of Christian parents

to attend their school and soldiers were being sent to arrest those who would not come. There is legal freedom but the poor people fear when government power is used to force them to the catholics.

I was delighted with the new post of Lopanzo, our farthest east, opened only about a year ago. The people had cleared a compound out of the jungle, built a shed-chapel, teacher's home, a pretty new chapel, houses for school boys; and were working on a school building. The chapel was always crowded, the school well attended by sixty boys who had done good work, including their energetic marching and singing. Lopanzo witnessed their first baptismal service when five confessed Jesus as Lord and Saviour.

One day I was carried in kipoya to Bomena, the largest pigmy town I have ever seen. At least one thousand surrounded the large square in front of our little school-chapel to give us a welcome. Fifty boys marched back and forth with flag flying and joyous singing. How they delighted in obeying the commands of their moniteur. Unfortunately my snaps have turned out badly. In the afternoon I rode my bike through the series of villages. The welcome was like we received thirty years ago, for it was all new to them, as I was the first missionary to visit them. For years they have been difficult to control, having even fought the State. They were now not afraid as pigmies usually are, but quite open and frank.

When I showed them a picture of my brother in a "Movie of You", they shouted Wa-pi-EE, Wa-pi-EE. Then I explained that he was my "molimi" (younger brother), that we were a family of ten children,

nine living to be old like myself. At the same time I removed my helmet, bringing another Wa-pi-EE. The white hair and the bicycle did not belong together, hence the surprise. At least six hundred attended the evening service in the moonlght, a quiet and respectful congregation. Twelve responded to an invitation to accept Jesus as Lord and Saviour and enrolled in the inquirers' class. After the morning service it was agreed to build a new and larger school-chapel. "Let us not build in the middle of the town as you suggest, but right here at the end with the few non-pigmies, for the teacher will not eat our food nor drink our water; it is better he live here", said the little chief. The teacher was willing to live in their midst, which is unusual, and they appreciated it. But there was no backwardness in speaking openly of the difference. In another pigmy village I slept in one of their houses and drank the water they had carried but my men would not do so. There is great race prejudice even in Congo. Our people feel a long way off from the pigmies.

On the entire trip there were four baptismal services, in all 33 additions to the church. When we returned 30 were baptized on Easter at Tondo. In the two years in which the evangelistic and outpost work has been under my care almost 600 have been added by baptism. Since last July I have spent most of my time in the villages, making 151 days from March 1938 to March 1939. This is much more than we are usually able to spend.

Paul C. Metzger

* * * *

Shortly after leaving the station I passed through a village where a man was setting up a rain fetish. He had stuck a broomstick in the ground and around it had made a circle of manioc flour. When I asked about it my carriers explained that he had some work he wanted to do and did not want it to rain that day. If he abstained from drinking it would not rain. About a half hour later it began to rain, so I presume the man's thirst had won out! I had left behind the little center of civilization that we call Kikongo and had entered the witch doctor's realm.

Such a statement probably sounds peculiar when I say that I was visiting the Bumba Church field. Surely where there is a church the witch doctor should not hold sway. But it is one thing to establish a church because the people come in such masses that something has to be done to hold them together....it is another thing to have such a small staff and such a huge field that the church cannot be properly cared for. Under such circumstances it is hardly surprising that without the visits of the missionary to strengthen and encourage them, many should fall back before the persecution of the ever present witch doctor who does not hesitate to attribute every calamity, great or small, to the Christians. Our hearts had been sorely burdened over this state of affairs.

To my deep joy I soon found that the return to fetishism after having once tasted the freedom of the Christian life, had resulted in more forcibly demonstrating the ineffectiveness of the witch doctor's methods. In every village, save one, the people brought huge piles of fetishes requesting that I burn them. At first I hesitated, but their evident sincer-

ity made me give in. The sight of those baskets of indescribably filthy objects made my heart yearn anew over the people who have so long been in bondage to terror.

Can't you picture my joy as these people were once more reclaimed for Christ? And not only were the old ones reclaimed, over 170 others surrendered their hearts to Christ for the first time. I wish I could describe the striking change that comes when such a decision has been made. One has only to leave a village where Christ's message has penetrated and enter one where it has not, to be impressed by the change of atmosphere. Suspicion, fear and fatalism look out of the eyes of the people who have not experienced that indescribable experience with Christ. All this aside from the difference in outward physical cleanliness.

In one of these latter villages I had a unique experience. The local church leader had told me that the young people of the village had asked for a teacher. He had promised them that he would have me talk with the chief about it. I arrived in a seemingly deserted village and established myself in the thatch and bamboo rest house provided by the government. I immediately arranged with the village elder for the purchase of food for my caravan. The chief did not appear on the scene. After sunset we met together for evening service. We noticed small dispersed groups of women and children at the edge of the circle as we opened our meeting. The native leader who was with me led the singing and offered prayer before informing the people that I would tell them about the "Words of God".

After being introduced, I rose to my feet....only to find that pandemonium had broken loose. With one

accord the villagers had begun to run, and my carriers were shouting at them not to be afraid. I then learned that the chief had told the people to place themselves singly at the edge of the group to see what it was all about, and at the faintest sign that I might grab them, they were all to run as fast as their legs would carry them. The fact that I had risen to my feet was interpreted as such a sign. As I made no other move but merely settled myself to reading, they quietly drifted back. It is the custom here for the children to be sent along the path first in the early morning, using their bodies to brush the dew from the tall grass, thus providing a dry passage for their elders. Apparently the chief was employing the same tactic in this case. The women and children had been sent to hear what was going on while the men stayed safely hidden behind the fence. Knowing that they were in the shadows listening, I did my best to interpret God's yearning love for them, a love so great that it gave Jesus that they might be released from fear and enter into eternal light.

When the meeting was over I sent for the chief and asked why no food had been brought. He appeared ill at ease and tried to pretend that there wasn't any food in the village. When I mentioned that I had seen the women cooking extra supplies when I visited them at their huts he shamefacedly hurried off and returned with a small handful of kwanga. I had 18 men with me and the food was enough for three. I was especially touched when one of the carriers came up and whispered in my ear, "Don't bother him about food for us, Mama, follow up about the words of God". The question of food

was dropped. But the chief pretended not to understand and said he would go off and find more food. He did not return that night and the men divided their small portion of food between them.

The next morning I prepared to be off and was gathering my things together when the chief came along with eight boys and asked that I leave some one to teach them how to read and write. Apparently the young people had been working on him during the night....and his fears of the "white terror" had been sufficiently allayed for him to listen to their request. I couldn't help but admire the courage of David Tambu as he consented to remain in the village as teacher while we went on our way, especially as he is a member of the Bambala tribe and this was a Bayanzi village.

In another Bayanzi village I had an equally interesting experience. The young people there had also asked for a teacher. Here again the people remained hidden from sight when I came into the village, all except the young people who had asked for a teacher. When the chief came I explained our mission. The old man wrapped himself in dignity, seated himself on his heels as far from me as the shelter would permit, and looked as forbidding as possible. Then I took out my Bible and in the simplest possible language tried to tell him about the love of God. At the beginning of the tale he did not deign to appear to listen. By the time I had Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden he was standing immediately in front of me; when I reached the story of Christ he was seated at my feet with his eyes glued to my face. It was

(Continued on page 22)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

ZULU

I've known Zulu for a long time, really three whole years, and since he is only about five years old that is almost all of his life. But I didn't know until just the other day that his name is really Jules instead of Zulu. You see Zulu is a good Kikongo word meaning Heaven so I always thought that was his real name. Little black boys can be named almost anything, like Buffalo or Forgiveness or Bucket or Knife or Soap.

But I was going to tell you about Zulu. He is so different from Nzobo. You see first of all he is a boy, and then he is much younger than Nzobo. And he has a mother and daddy to look after him, and they are both Christians and members of the church. Only they are just like some white mothers and daddys because they don't go to church as often as they should or put as much money as they ought to in the collection plate. And he lives in the big city of Leopoldville, where a missionary lady has a school for little black boys and girls.

Well, Zulu used to come every day to kindergarten and on Sundays to Sunday School. Oh, he loved it. And the only reason he doesn't come any more is because his mother and daddy moved to a house about three miles away from the missionary

lady's school and of course he had to go with them and it is too far for him to come to school every day. And that's just what I want to tell you about. Because, oh, how he loved to play with the other children and sing and hear stories and try to write on a slate.

His mother and daddy moved about Christmas time. Then in January, the week before school really started again, the missionary lady had a vacation school and Zulu thought he could keep on coming. But it was a long, long walk. And the sun was so very, very hot.

Now you think that's funny, for it to be hot at Christmas time. But here in the middle of Africa that's the way it is. And you will find it hard to believe that right now in July it is cold. Oh, not cold enough to close the windows or build a fire or wear a heavy coat. But the black folks think it is very cold because it is so very hot all the rest of the time. And they stand around and hug themselves and shiver because it is foggy in the mornings and the sun doesn't shine real hot.

Well, Zulu kept on coming. He wanted to play and sing and hear the stories. And, too, every little boy and girl who didn't miss a day of that vacation school was to get a pretty Bible picture. So Zulu kept coming, and the last day it was so very hot. You just can't imagine how hot is was. I wish you could have seen him coming down the road under that big unbrella his mother had let him have to shade him. He looked just like a big toad stool. And he was so tired, because that umbrella which seemed so very nice when he started out had just

kept on getting heavier and heavier.

Well, Zulu got his picture, but he hasn't been able to come to school any more. He has a big brother who comes every day so maybe when Zulu gets a little bigger he can come too. I hope so, don't you?

Margaret Hall

(Continued from page 20)

apparently the first time he had heard the story. When I had finished he said he would accompany me the following day to the village of the big Bayanzi chief and ask permission to accept a teacher. As I left the village the young people kept shouting, "Where is our teacher, where is our teacher?"

Do you wonder that I returned from the trip with mixed feeling! A feeling of joy because the people were searching for the light, and a feeling of burden because we have neither funds nor personnel to minister to them as we ought.

V.L. Smith

KIMPESE NOTES

Another school year has drawn to a close and student families have scattered to their various districts, for the three months' vacation. The total enrollment for the year was about three hundred and sixty in all the schools, of whom two hundred and twenty were children in the Practice School. Fifteen of the sixty-eight men students were single and mostly in the Normal School. There were sixty-three married couples. Of the seventy-eight men ten were graduated from the Normal and six from the Pastor's

courses. No one failed to secure the coveted diploma. All the students were sent out on a ten days' evangelistic mission in the early spring; and throughout the year every Sunday except the first Sunday of the month, when a vesper communion service kept all at home, about two thirds of the student body were out ministering to the needs of neighboring towns of which about thirty were visited twice a month at least. Mr. Reynolds usually spent Sunday afternoon out preaching in nearby towns.

Our afternoon Sunday School in divisions, two taught by the women students and two by men students, are an interesting feature of our Sunday activities. I have had about sixty boys and girls from twelve to seventeen or eighteen years of age and for a couple of years have been trying out an entirely different series of lessons from the usual. Last year I translated "Joel, A Boy of Galilee", mimeographing from week to week the material and giving it to the six or seven teachers asigned to my department from five to six weeks for practice teaching. This is the story of a boy about twelve years old when he first meets Jesus and many of the stories about Jesus are grouped around his daily life from the beginning of his ministry through the death and resurrection experience. Joel is healed of an incurable condition by Jesus and loves Him with a great love. Both teachers and children were absorbed in Joel's experiences and the Gospel stories and parables took on fresh interest, lived in fact as they had seldom lived in either the teachers' or the children's experience. Joel lasted throughout the school year. This year I have used these mimeographed copies of Joel as a reading book in the advanced women's

class and they have been as deeply interested and impressed with it as were the Sunday School folk and wanted, some of them, to buy copies to carry home with them.

This year I have done the same with another somewhat similar story "Titus, A Comrade of the Cross", the story of a twenty year old boy, stolen by a bandit when a little child and brought up in banditry and crucified with Jesus, the penitent thief. His foster brother is healed by Jesus and loves Him as Joel loved Jesus and nearly all the Gospel stories not used in Joel are used in Titus. Both are very true to Scripture and make the Gospel stories alive and vibrant with meaning to the children. I would recommend the use of these stories in vesper services in boarding schools and young peoples' meetings Sunday evenings when something rather out of the ordinary may be needed to keep up the interest. Now I am searching for one more, preferably covering the experiences of the early church, Acts in fact. That would give us three which would cover the older children's three years in Sunday School at Kimpese as Timotio's Sunday Morning Class for men covers Pilgrim's Progress, Christiana and the childrens' progress,and the Holy War during their three years residence.

The staff at Kimpese have been troubled and unhappy over the comparatively low scholastic standard of pastoral graduates during recent years and at the trustees' meeting proposed adding to our already full work schedule a two year's post graduate course for training more intelligent pastors for the Church of Christ in Congo, pastors better prepared to nourish and upbuild the church in faith and good works, good shepherds

having no need to be ashamed who will devote their lives to the work of the ministry than which there is surely no greater work. Among our Normal graduates, as also among our pastoral graduates, there are always a select few, perhaps but one or two in a class, of real exceptional ability, also of high Christian character and devotion who would profit greatly by such a course and become pastors indeed. We had in mind ten or a dozen who have been graduated during the last five years whom we would welcome into such a course. All are rendering good and effective service in their various districts. They should not be too old nor have been so long out of school that they have lost their studious habits for the course will be rather strenuous and demand clear thinking. The trustees agreed that such a course should be inaugurated next September; not to exceed twelve students. These together with the men returning and thirty-six accepted for entrance in the Normal and regular Pastoral courses will bring our total enrollment up to a hundred and ten men next session.

Immediately following the trustees' meeting the staff for next year got busy assigning subjects each would assume responsibility for teaching next session so as to be able to do considerable preparatory work between now and September first as we are to be no more in number even though we are thus adding a stiff bit of work to our already full schedule.

We were sorry to have the Engwalls leave us for Moanza and then for furlough but glad to welcome back to Kimpese our good friends the Lanoues and hope for as happy and fruitful a year this next year as the last has proved to be. Our Swedish colleagues

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar and Mr. and Mrs. Avid Stenstroms we have all enjoyed and found most congenial colleagues and expect to find ourselves more and more congenial and of one purpose as the days go by. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds are deferring furlough for another year of service at Kimpese this term.

Catharine Mabie

NOTES FROM MOANZA

Since January 1st we have enjoyed visits from eight white people on our isolated station. Late one afternoon in January a messenger came with a letter from Mr. Coxill who was stranded with a broken axle some miles from Moanza. Mr. Atkins went to the rescue and we enjoyed a short visit from Mr. Coxill who brought inspiration and encouragement to us. The following week we had a visit from our Agent Territorial.

In February Dr. Osterholm was able to bring relief to many who were suffering. For the first time our fine new hospital wards were used and people from many different tribes offered thanks to God for healing and health. Our state doctor and his wife visited us while Dr. Osterholm was here and he spoke highly of our medical work.

In April we welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter to Moanza after three months of travel in the interest of educational work in the Congo.

Easter Sunday evening as the sun was setting, we heard singing on the hillside, "Tonda kwa Nzambi Tata" (Thanksgiving to God). A colorful picture greeted us. Men, women and children were coming down

the hill. The women were carrying baskets of manioc, corn, pineapples and other food; the children hoes; and as usual the men were empty handed. They had come with their teacher to give a week of service in order that we might have a permanent church building at Moanza. Before I left for furlough other groups had come in and how happy they were as they carried up rock from the Inzia Valley, insuring thus a strong foundation for not only the building but we trust the Church of Christ at Moanza. I felt very humble as I watched them carrying their heavy loads up the hill. They have caught a vision of the Christ who gave His all that they might have Life.

Ruth Dickey

LEOPOLDVILLE SCHOOL CLOSING

At Leopoldville the fifth year of the government program has been the new venture of the school year. For the first time a group were ready for diplomas. A school program to which some white friends could be asked was projected. As preparations got rather belatedly under way the program and list of invited guests grew in importance.

In the court, seats were provided for 650 blacks and 30 whites. These seats were all taken and the crowd swelled until as many were standing as were seated. In this setting, putting in play the whole grass-grown court yard, 210 boys and girls in costume went through a program which made their teachers, white and black, very proud of them.

To begin 40 boys, ages 8 to 14, marched singing from rear to front, there doing a circular flag drill,

then back to center forming the outer band of a half wheel around flag pole. The rest of school came filing from all points of the court to flag and filled in the spokes. While flag was slowly raised "Vers l'Avenir" was sung and then the Lord's Prayer repeated. Event followed event, with changes of costumes and stage properties falling rhythmically into place.

The gymnasts in their white shirts, blue pants and red sashes received an ovation. Joseph was sold into Egypt, children of various sizes sang quickly their songs, and then came a resume of the five years' study, given mostly by the graduates.

A boy came on the platform regarding the bed he had just completed. On a large blackboard he calculated from a calendar how many hours he had worked, including fractions of hours. On came another young man for whom the bed had been made, asking what price he must pay. The two worked together and calculated the decimal part of cubic meter of wood employed, plus the percent of loss for sawing or planing. Another lad was called in to calculate the grams of nails used, weighing a portion and calculating the whole.

While the two walked off through the crowd carrying the bed, a mason came on and, carrying on a polite conversation with the boy of potopoto, built the corner of a house. When they moved off to go eat the printer came around, sat down to a tray of type and another boy read off a portion of the copy which happened to be about Belgium. Picking up some of the printed matter done the past year by scholars he walked back to whites and passed it around for their inspection while printer continued setting up type.

At this moment the white instructor walked on with four blackboards and a singing lesson in four part harmony was called, finally working out into a spiritual.

Quickly a bank scene with counter, tellers, money drawer, queue of clients with bank books, etc., illustrating that exactness is necessary in order to establish value.

The final scene was a dictation by a native teacher to a group of small boys who simply repeated, two others copying on slates from a blackoard where one wrote from dictation; the rest took dictation, one writing with ink in a copy book, another on the typewriter and another setting up type. The scene closed with the director continuing from where the dictation left off and completing a speech of welcome and explanation.

The Commissaire-Adjoint of the province, Monsieur Maquet, gave out the diplomas.

A tour of the buildings followed and as it came to a close the organized playgound for tots: sand pile, swings, teeters went into action; and out on the playing field 15 simulataneous sports broke out as the whites approached their automobiles.

The preceeding Sunday a sort of baccalaureat service was held. Some of the deacons and the pastor gave words of advice to the graduates, and the moderator of the church presented each with a copy of "Makambo na Yesu" (the life of Christ in Lingala). The boys are not planning at present to be teachers but instead are going into jobs if they can get them. However, all are church members and we have always tried to make them realize that true Christians are needed in every walk of life.

Elmer G. Hall

REFERENCE COMMITTE MEETING

Sunday evening, June 11th, the Reference Committee was called to order by the chairman, Mr. J.E Geil, and nominating, program, resolutions and finance committees were appointed. Stations were represented as follows: Banza Manteke — J.E. Geil; Kikongo — C.E. Smith; Kimpese—M.S. Engwall; Leopoldville — E.G. Hall; Moanza — E. Atkins; Sona Bata — G.W. Tuttle; Tondo— H.D. Brown; Vanga — A.C. Osterholm; WABFMS — Mrs. Smith, Dr. Mabie, Miss Ehnbom; Mission Secretary — H. Erickson; Legal Representative and Treasurer — H.J. Watkins.

This short opening session was preceeded by a devotional service at which were present not only the committee members but also Dr. and Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Geil, Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. Hall and Mildred Tice. Dr. Carpenter spoke interestingly of their recent trip to Missions in the Katanga, Kasai and Kwango areas.

Monday evening non-committee members were again permitted to be present when reports from the various stations were read — accounts of progress, disappointments, joys, heartaches, needs, opportunities.

Much business and many difficult problems kept the committee occupied the entire week, but not too busy to pause mornings and evenings for devotional periods. The distribution of again reduced appropriations was not a simple task. Questions concerning property, building program, etc. took plenty of time.

Designation, too, were difficult. Mr. and Mrs. Engwall and family have already moved to Moanza and the Lanoues to Kimpese. Miss Tice goes to Sona Bata and Miss Ehnbom to Banza Manteke where Miss

Youngsman, our only new missionary, is also to be stationed. Miss Agnes Anderson to Kikongo thus releasing Miss Jorgenson to Vanga. Miss Vendla Anderson returns to Sona Bata and the Robbins to Vanga, while Mr. and Mrs. MacDiarmid go "home" to Sona Bata to live in the house to which "Pa" took "Ma" as a bride — how many years ago?

Miss Dickey, Miss Cooper, Mr. Bubeck and the Lewis Browns have all left us for furloughs. Mrs. H.D. Brown arrived by the last boat to join her husband as he goes back to Tondo.

Quoting from the Resolutions: "That the Mission Secretary write a letter to our colleagues Mr. and Mrs. Metzger expressing our sincere regret that they could not be with us during these meetings and assuring them of our prayerful interest in them as they retire after thirty-four years of devoted service to our Congo brethren". Some of us were able to bid them Godspeed as they left Leopoldville for the last time. One by one our "mbutas"(elders) are leaving us. We must attempt to take their places, but who is taking ours? There is now in service only one family whose appointment did not take place at least ten years ago.

Editor

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES
—1897—

TO LUKUNGA IN THE RAINY SEASON: Oct. 20th, Fred and I left for Lukunga. The Congo Conference had asked Fred to look after the Lukunga churches and field. He found the work in a hopeful

state and spent five weeks itinerating. He baptized thirty-seven out of over forty-eight converts. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hill moved there. Dr. Leslie came from Banza Manteke to attend Mrs. Hill. On Thanksgiving day little Evalena was born to them. Mrs. Hill had asked me to come and be the nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Moody, with Wilkie, came Nov. 15th, Mr. Moody having been chosen for Lukunga to take charge of the work there. These four greatly strengthed Lukunga.

Dec. 4th, we left to return to Kifwa. The roads in the rainy season were terrible. It was too slippery for the carriers to carry us. We walked nine hours over wet clay hills until a thick layer of clay stuck to our shoes, giving us a feeling of growing taller. We waded through streams and swamps full of vines, but we got across. At Lunzadi the carriers had to fell three trees so we could pass over. It caused two hours delay. It took us nine days from Lukunga to Kifwa.

* * * *

IS CHRIST DIVIDED?: The Christians in our field began hearing strange doctrines from the native followers of the Roman Catholics, established lately at Kisantu which was included in our field up to 1894. They were told by ignorant, bigotted youths who were antagonistic toward the "Protestant" religion that the God of Mr. Frederickson was not the true God, but that the God of their white priests was the one true God. That the Protestants were not true Christians because they did not worship Santa Maria nor the Saints nor the Angels. That since they had only three sacraments (The Roman Catholics have seven) they could not go to heaven. But our Christians had been

Bible-taught for seven years before this doctrine, new to them, was heard of and so they knew that they had built on the true foundation, Jesus Christ. This faith made them strong and unafraid for years, in threatenings and persecutions. Up to this time the Christians had only been ill-treated by heathen people, but now this was a new serious persecution.

* * * *

PRAYERS TO THE DEAD: Resting by the Mpioka bridge we witnessed a curious ceremony. A witch-doctor headed a procession of two women, two young men and some small boys towards the grave of the chief, close to our tent. Every one of them kneeled down. Two carried a bottle each, one filled with water the other with palm wine. The doctor prayed with bowed head to the dead chief while he scratched the soil with his fingers. He prayed for the two women. One had lost her babies before they were viable and the other one had never had any babies and her heart was hungry for them so the chief was now blamed for their abnomal state. Three times did they go through these ceremonies at the head of the chief and at his feet.

Then the doctor poured water at the end of the grave and after that some palm wine. Each bottle had stuck into the neck a green cross made from four small palm leaves and about six inches long. These crosses were later stuck into bottles that had been put on the grave at the funeral — the African way of decorating graves. The doctor then stirred the wet mud with his finger and rubbed each of his temples and the center of his forehead. He did the same to

the women. and the men did it to themselves, also the boys. This was repeated at the other end of the grave; the mud was rubbed on the shoulders and the abdomen also, and after each time the doctor had prayed he clapped his hands and all followed his example. The last they did was to pour some of the water and the palm wine along the one side of the grave: one of the young men drank some from one bottle and all of them left and went home. No wonder the Africans listen with awe to prayers. They think the dead can hear them and be implored in favor of the living. In this cermony they used the symbol of the cross. They kneeled in prayer and bowed their heads. Water and wine were used, perhaps as an offering.

—1898—

BABY RUTH: March 15th, our little Ruth was born. We were quite alone on the station. School girls did the cooking and house work and I was fortunate in having a true widow to help me with baby. She preferred to stay a widow. She told me that she and her husband had lived so happily together that she had made a vow never to marry again. She was a clean quiet Christian woman and had adopted and brought up many girls in the way she herself had been brought up by her own mother, and that was that a girl should not be married until she was mature, almost according to the Jewish custom. As yet I know of no other woman like her in Congo.

One day Ma Malenga came to me with baby in her arms saying: "Take baby, I am ill and must go to my town". I suggested that I give her remedies hoping she would soon be well, but she shook her

head sadly and I took baby from her, paid her for her good work and said goodbye. Next morning her body broke out with smallpox but baby never caught it, thank God! Smallpox then spread in the towns. I asked at Leopoldville, Congolo, Matadi and Banza Bata where there was a doctor but none could spare any vaccine. We sent a man to Dr. Sims. He vaccinated him in five places and it took well. When he returned I vaccinated others from him and so on. Because the people did not understand the value of vaccination I had to coax them by paying a few brass rods to the one from whom I took the serum and also paid the same to anyone who dared volunteer to be vaccinated. Thirty were vaccinated in this way; after that people came in great numbers, of their own accord, without any coaxing Three had died out in the towns and that scared the people. When Fred went to Lukunga he found two of his carriers with smallpox and sent them back to me. I at once segregated them, they were able to build several grass houses away from our houses for their shelter. Nkosi, a man we knew who had had smallpox years ago, came at my request to take food and medecine to the patients and then report to me. We had light smallpox patients, one was my table boy. They were all cured in time.

* * * *

"THE NEW AFRICA AND IT'S PEOPLE": Fred wrote in 1898: "It is surely wonderful how the Lord is opening up Africa in every direction. Seventeen years ago when I first came to Congo very little was known of this dark continent, while at present very little is left that has not been explored. The railways from east

and west, north and south climb every obstacle and face every difficulty in order to reach the heart of this mysterious country, while steamers have been, and are still, carried hundreds of miles over land and float on almost every accessible river and the waters of many lakes. Able men and noble officers yearly lay down their lives in this great work. They spare nothing in order that they may be foremost in this noble cause. It is not a time for us to move slowly; it is a time to make haste if we want a true share in this good work, a share worthy of the Baptist cause and of those redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ.

Africans are a fine and well-developed race of men. They are evidently not going to die out before civilisation as the Indians and some other races have done. They accept it and do honest work for their living. (The large towns on the West Coast with their prosperous churches and large number of tradesmen of every kind and hosts of workmen indicate this.) The railway company has in its employ 1,335 of these artisans. The Congo railway, now finished, has been built by the Africans under the direction of a few whites. The railway company has the conviction that it will in the future find laborers enough to carry on the work without recruiting elsewhere as the Congolese as well as the negroes from the Coast come in large numbers seeking work. The thousands of tons of merchandise carried every year between Matadi and Stanley Pool prove that the Congolese can endure hard work.

I have been told more than once by the State officers that the Congolese make fine soldiers; they are superior to those from Zanzibar. They are fine shots.

With four hundred State officers, Baron Dhanis took Nyangwe, the stronghold of the Arabs, and subdued the whole Arab force in the Congo Free State. At Lado, by the Nile, Captain Chaltin fought a force of three thousand Dervishes and drove them from the fortified position with the points of the Congo Free State force.

The Africans on the whole are friendly to the missionaries. At Ikoko station, on Lake Ntumba, Rev. Joseph Clark took up work. The people proved to be his friends even though they fought the State, killed and ate white officers, with great skill and daring, rammed the State canoes and capsized the soldiers into the water. A few miles off were four missionaries trusting in God, quiet and safe in the midst of these people. When we were there in 1897 a message was handed along from that very people asking Mr. Clark for a white man to come and teach them and saying that they had no intention of doing the Clarks any harm. When I looked on the three huudred well built men and women gathered on a Sunday to hear the Gospel and saw the fine looking young men and young women with their hymn books in their hands singing the praise of the loving Saviour of whom three years ago they knew nothing I could not but praise the Lord for what I saw. The above may equally be applied to other stations on the Congo. A people so fond of children and with their villages full of them — let them learn to read and write, let them learn to worship God our heavenly Father through Jesus Christ His Son."

M.M. Frederickson

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E.Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Miss Lena Youngsman

KIKONGO

Rev.and Mrs. B.W.Armstrong
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson

KIMPESE

Dr. C.L. Mabie
Rev. and Mrs. U.A.Lanoue

LEOPOLDVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. H.J.Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins
Rev. and Mrs. M.S. Engwall

NTONDO

Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev.and Mrs. P.A.MacDiarmid
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson

VANGA

Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm
Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins

SPECIAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. T.E. Bubeck
Rev. and Mrs.L.A. Brown
Miss Ruth Dickey
Miss Grace Cooper